



Sandals In The Wind



👁 3 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by snowelk

I'd had enough. Three nights under a stark desert sky, without proper sleep, was threatening my sanity.

I decided on confrontation.

'Abdul, your camel kept me awake all night again, scuffing and shuffling about outside my tent. What are you going to do about it?'

'Colonel, she is my best camel, Sayyidah. She is worth half a wife-at least.' He stammered, all the while clutching his palms together as if wringing out a particularly dirty cloth.

Impelled to walk a tightrope: On the one hand staying his staunch ally and on the other, of knowing he coveted the munitions. I needed to be vigilant.

'Why don't you hobble her at night like every other Arab in Mesopotamia? I must rest so I can support your revolt.'

'I do my best captain...but I am not so young anymore.'

'I need sleep.'

'If my sons were not away killing Turks....'

'Please... just keep her quiet.'

'I will do as you wish.'

'Thank you.'

He turned and glided back over the sand in that silent, Bedouin way, back into the darkness.

I pondered something Lawrence once said: Apparently, All men dream but not equally.

If only I could sleep!

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